11/1/71

Mr. Jerome Agel
2 Peter Cooper Road
New York, N.Y.

Dear Jerry,

I've just gotten a classic screwing on FRAME-UP, in just about every provisions of the contract and I think including fraud and that by mail. The book is dead. I enclose a couple of the unexploited reviews.

And I have completed the hottest book yet on the taboo with which I have lived and work for so long. At last I have what the copouts and finks of the eastern intellectual community have long been clammoring for, "new evidence". I have (properly-no stealing) what was withheld from the Warren Commission itself and hence was not in the Archives. It is so definitive it includes what I am not using and wouldn't think of, documents with the President's blood on them - in color. I have pictures and xeroxes. I have the Prospero stuff, what investigators' dreams are made of. It is of such a character that it is no longer necessary to see the autopsy pix and X-rays and it is no longer possible to fake them. In fact, I now have fears about them and the capabilities of the corrupt and desparate administration to trigger a booby-trap with them.

Withal, a case against Hoover and the FBI like none yet, including the faking, suppressing and destruction of all the basic evidence.

So, I need friends and help. Do you know where I can find either?

By the way, this work has been financially ruinous. I am flat broke and the accumulated debt exceeds the assessed value of my property.

But, pursuing my own and lonely Weltanschauung, I have, without attention yet, moved this who thing into a new arena, the courts, and have thus far won the case I lost, a seeming contradiction that isn't because of the yield of the deal that caused the "loss", and I've gotten the almost unheard-of and in this case unreported, a summary judgement against the Mitchellisti, in federal court in D.C.

If you give this any thought, please remember that most publishers hate me not for my faults but through conscience and because I invented and made a success of the first underground book (for which a few have praised me in private).

Best regards,

Harold Weisberg